

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?

Come on, you heare this fellow in the Scllerige,

Consent to swear.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear,

Ham. *hio, & vbiq*, then wee shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*

Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come

Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Antike disposition on

That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,

Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of mee, this doe swear,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t' expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe maruculous wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris.
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t' were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'f be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

You